



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

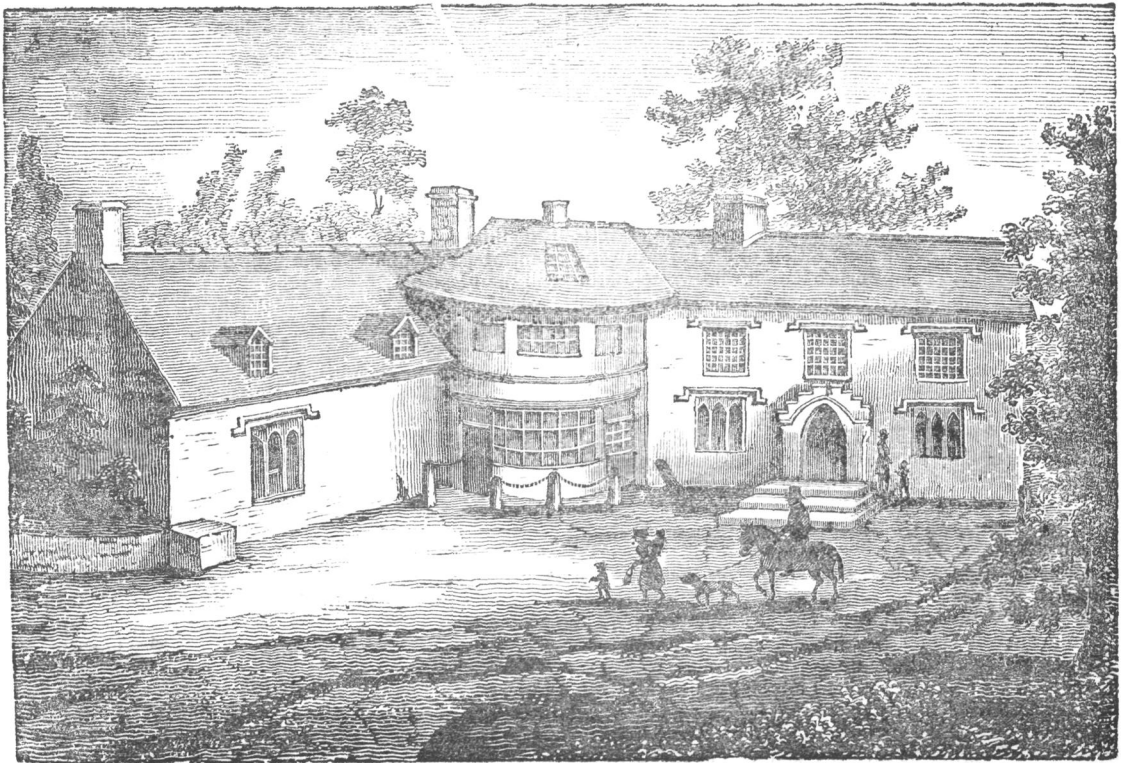
We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Before the woods in the neighbourhood of Armagh were felled, the country abounded with pheasants and wolves, and wolf-dogs were to be found in every farm-house. There were then few partridges, and neither magpies nor frogs in the country. Fynes Moryson, who was in the kingdom from 1799 till 1603, says, "Ireland had neither singing nightingale, nor chattering pie, nor undermining mole, nor black crow, but only crows of mingled colour, such as we call Royston crows. They have such plenty of pheasants, as I have known sixty served up at *one feast*, and abound much more with rails, but partridges are somewhat scarce." At present partridges, black crows, and magpies, are numerous; but pheasants can scarcely be found. Wolves, which were indigenous, and thence styled by the Irish "Mac-tir,"—"son of the earth," have totally disappeared, and, we believe, there is not now a wolf-dog in existence. The late Dr. Robinson, (a pupil of the celebrated Boorhave,) who lived near Tynan, had two immense wolf-dogs, which we have seen accompanying him in the year 1779. These were the last remains of the Ulster wolf-dogs: but Lord Altamont, since Lord Sligo, had some wolf-dogs, about twenty years ago, at Westport. These are since dead, and the present Lord Sligo has, we believe, introduced in their stead a kind of double-nosed Grecian water-dogs, larger than Newfoundland dogs; and

another species which, in head, resembles a wolf, and, in the hinder parts, a fox. Since we have incidentally mentioned some of the animals which formerly abounded in Ireland, we may be permitted to add, that the first *frog* which was ever seen in this country made its appearance in a pasture field near Waterford, about the year 1630, and is noticed by Colgan, in a work printed in 1647. It had probably been conveyed from England in some vessel. It was viewed with horror by the Irish; but it did not continue its species. Frog-spawn was afterwards placed, it is said, about the year 1696, in a moist place in the college park, Dublin, from which our fields have been colonized by these croakers. Formerly there were black rats in this country, and brown rats were unknown; and Hollinshead says, "the towne of Ardmagh is an enemy to rattes, and if any be brought there, presentlie it dieth, which the inhabitants impute to the prayers of St. Patrick."—It may be worth remarking, that at the Irish feasts, to which Moryson alludes in the above passage, the lights used were made of the pith of rushes twisted together, with a small part of the skin, to preserve cohesion. This was saturated with unctuous matter, and formed into a taper about the size of a man's waist, from which issued a splendid flame, visible at an immense distance.—See *Annals Donegal*, A. D. 1557.



HOTEL AND POST-OFFICE—PILLTOWN

PILLTOWN.

We this day present our readers with two views of the village of Pilltown, copied from drawings taken on the spot. The one is the hotel and post office of the place, as seen from the road; the other, the market-house and street of the hamlet, immediately in front of the inn, and as it appears from the hall door. There are few neighbourhoods in Ireland which exhibit within a narrow compass, scenery at once so varied and delightful. Nature and art have gone hand in hand in its embellishment; and the benefits to be derived from the residence of a landlord, were never more faithfully portrayed, than in the village of Pilltown. It is situated in the southern part of the county of Kilkenny, on the north side of the river Suir, between the city of Waterford and the town of Carrick, three miles from the latter, and ten from the former place. The principal street is about half a mile in length. The houses, mostly of modern construction, have small gar-

dens of flowers and evergreens in front, enclosed from the pathway. The cottages are distinguished for an external neatness and internal cleanliness, which we very seldom see in Ireland. The entire of the village belongs to the Ponsonby family, who became possessors of a considerable tract of the southern portion of the county of Kilkenny, besides grants in the counties of Carlow and Leitrim, at the time of the Cromwell conquest. The splendid demesne of the earls of Bessboro immediately adjoins, on which is built the family residence of the Ponsonbys.

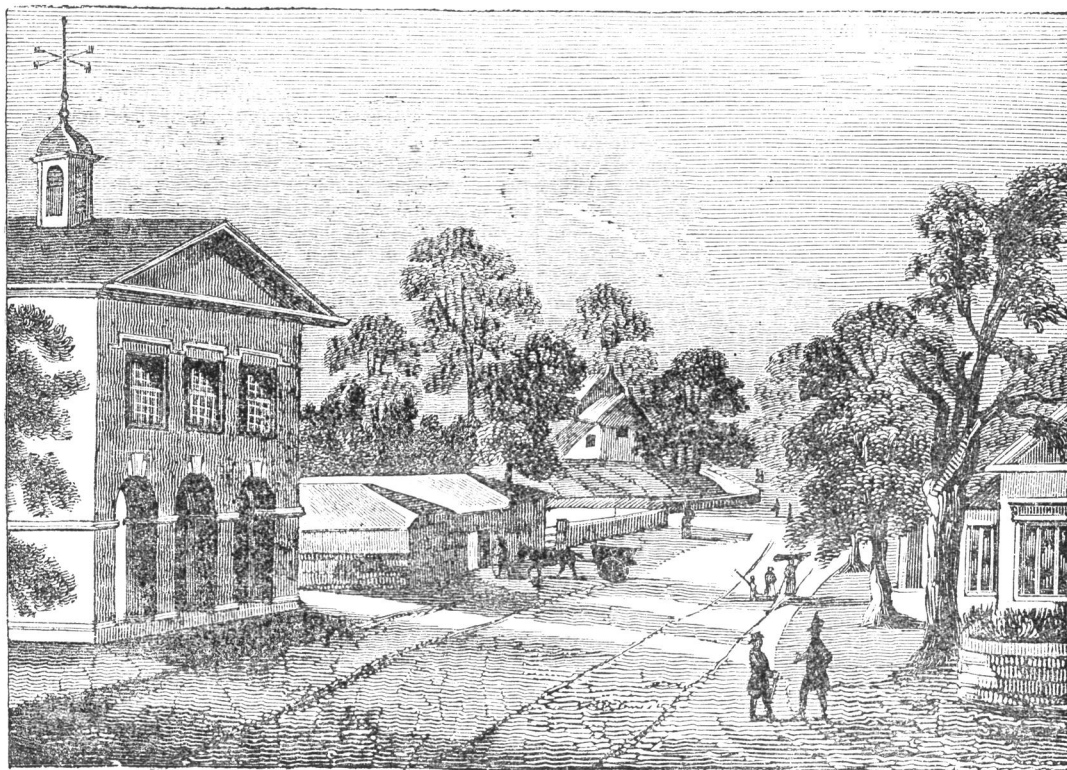
The gentleman who filled the responsible office of agent to the Bessboro estate, about twenty years ago, was a man of considerable taste, in the extended signification of the word. He was a lover of pictures, and an encourager of the fine arts, generally speaking, and was extremely anxious to improve and beautify the spot over which he had, at the time, an almost absolute controul,

He was particularly remarkable for cherishing native talent; and during his reign, (for reign it might almost be called,) Pilltown and its immediate neighbourhood produced several young artists of no inconsiderable merit in their respective branches of the fine arts. Some, indeed, with the fatality attendant on Irish genius, have, since then, verified the description of the poet,

“Unhallowed they sleep in the cross-ways of fame;”

while others, (and some of them are still living,) have acquired a fair share of local celebrity for their cleverness and talent. Under the dynasty of the person we allude to, a spirit for outward improvement at least, was diffused throughout the bosoms of most of the tenantry, which the fostering care and encouraging eye of the proprietor himself, has since matured and preserved, practice and theory having gone on hand in hand under his prudent direction. About eight years ago, Lord Duncannon, eldest son to the earl of Bessborough, visited for the first time, this portion of the possessions of his ancestors, bringing his family with him. The change which immediately took place for the better in the entire appearance of the place, and in the condition of the inhabitants, was strikingly great. There were rack rents and middlemen before, which not all the external beauty of the place

could atone for. These were both at once, and without delay, abolished. There were occasionally village tyrannies: these were put a stop to. The poorest labourer was taught to feel, that though he was subject himself to the controul of the laws, he had also a protection in them from oppression. In his arrival also, an incentive was given to industry—to improvement, an example—to morality, a reward; and to vice a powerful and stern check. But to return to our description of the place: a mountain stream empties itself into the Suir, about a mile and a half from the hamlet, capable of floating boats of seventy tons or upwards, when the tide swells the waters of this Pill, from which the village takes its name. Immediately behind the market-house is a commodious quay and dock-yard, to which the navigation of the Pill only extends. A bridge or viaduct has been built within the last few years, (over another stream which flows into the Pill from an angle of the demesne,) for the purpose of cutting off a short rocky hill on the Waterford road, which now runs on straight by the right hand corner of the hotel, instead of turning by the small gate pier to the right, in the foreground of the engraving: The view of the market-house exhibits the road leading to Carrick, through the principal part of the village, which lies up amongst the trees in the distance.



MARKET-HOUSE—PILLTOWN.

At the very extremity of this end stands an unfinished tower, erected to perpetuate the memory of one of the Ponsonby family, who fell in the last war. Midway in the village is built a pretty school-house for the Protestant children; while the upper part of the market-house serves a similar purpose for the Roman Catholics.

The hotel, of which we have given a view, is pregnant with a considerable degree of interest in itself. Its proprietor, Mr. Redmond Anthony, evidently imbued with the spirit of the late agent of the estate, has been engaged for many years in the formation of a museum; and the collection of paintings, minerals, fossils, gems, statuary, medals, armour, antiques of every description, and from every country, with which he has enriched the little gallery, in the turreted angle of the building, immediately over the Post-Office, might fairly challenge many museums of great pretensions and extent, to an examination. Nu-

merous articles of Irish antique, of great value, and rarely to be met with, carry us off in imagination to the days

“When Malachi wore the collar of gold.”

Besides a specimen of this collar, numerous varieties of old Milesian and Danish jewellery, general ornaments, spear heads, battle axes, armours, &c. adorn some of the compartments of a rich Japanese cabinet. Turkish, Chinese, Indian, Polar, and European travellers, would here recognize articles of the costume, arms, natural curiosities, &c. of their respective lands; and even the wild chief of the American woods, might start at beholding his calumet, mocassins, scalps, wampum belts, bows and arrows, &c. amongst all the extraordinary products of other climes with which this emporium abounds. Could the chivalrous knights of the 15th century again assume their mortal coil, their arms, defensive and offensive, might here be once